GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.—*Pitt.*

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He who puts a bad construction on a good act, reveals his own wickedness of heart.—*Livingstone.*

Would you share the wondrous beauty
Of the golden age benign?
Then be faithful to each duty
And its gladness shall be thine.
Join the earnest workers' chorus,
Bravely meeting sneer and frown,
Haste the good time that's before us
And its light shall be thy crown.
—*Emma Train, in National View.*

THE MISSION OF THE SEA.

Men gain new vigor at her wholesome breast;
She links far lands and reunites fond hearts;
She carries argosies from East and West
To those of distant parts.

But more than this her mission unto us,
The mission of the many-voiced sea!
She rolls her ceaseless waves to shore, and thus
She types Eternity.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Indulging in dangerous pleasures is like licking honey from a knife and cutting the tongue with the edge.

The withering rose reveals the hidden thorn. When pleasure has ceased, folly remains to be discovered.

Every man is a missionary now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not.

No individual or nation ever rose to eminence in any department which gave itself up to childish complaints.

Happiness is a perfume which one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.—*Raleigh.*

When the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they clothe God with shape and color.—*Emerson.*

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and falling leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

Let us beware of the ideas to which we give hospitality; let us not pick them up at random in any book or journal which falls into our hands. There are ideas which once admitted can be dislodged only with great difficulty.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

ARE WE TOLERANT?

As Spring awakens with its persistent activities, there is borne in upon the soul an irresistible sense of the perfect freedom manifested in nature. The bosom of mother Earth and the ærial forces are sufficient for the sustenance and expression of all varieties of life. Each plant and creature has its needed environment.

The bird, seemingly, pours forth its joyous melody with no jealous feeling toward the larger brute, or any desire to coerce you into singing its song. If, according to the laws of sound, you feel inclined to join its matin, responding with a unison or even a harmony of vibration, there springs the resultant of added pleasure, but no compulsion, simply a tuning of natures.

How is it in the life of thought? Can we joyously brook the persistent expression of ideas opposing to our own? Bring the question home to us as "Liberals,"—are we perfectly willing that orthodox people shall worship God with their paraphernalia of forms and professions of belief? Can we view their devotions without the feeling of contempt dominating us? Have they, in our eyes, a perfect right to worship God in a manner suited to their religious natures? Perhaps *we* have a constant sense of the omnipresence of the Father. Perhaps we gather a message, or His smile of spirit recognition, from each form of Nature, and feel the esoteric pressure of His hand in every circumstance of life,—is that a reason why we should feel impatient because other of his children need to meet him once a week in a church edifice, and there receive *their* message, second-hand, through the agency of a minister?

Indeed, is there harmony even in our own household of faith? What is the attitude of Liberals towards one another? As gleaned from expressions found in our literature, our opinion of one another is somewhat thus: "My brother in psychic knowledge, you are a little off; if you stop to think, it is perfectly plain that spirit expresses itself in only these ways," viz.: or, "Such balderdash; I wonder a man of his intelligence spends his time with it;" or, "He is a good fellow with a broad mind, but he loads himself down with the dead weight of Swedenborgianism."

Does this sound like the incarnation of tolerance? An old adage speaks its wisdom: "What is poison for one, is another's food." In the Father's storehouse are many viands; "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and who then shall say his food was not nourishing? (By the way, let us bury this word *die.* It has hovered long enough over the grave. I believe its cycle of life is nearly run. Let's push it in, cover it up, and plant the days-eye of spirit over it to bloom as an epitaph.)

Again, take another example: When I alluded to the credulous fondness for bogus philosophy, (such as "Butlerism," "Eddyism," "Newboroughism," etc.) My friend, why not continue the list and say "Buchananism," "Blavatskyism," "Swedenborgianism," "Jesus of Nazarethism," and thus make a clean sweep of the board of modern thought? Would the writer of the last considered lines call the following principles bogus? And they are, if I mistake not,—the backbones of the several named philosophies.

There must have been a method in the madness of our friend, when he cast *those* three names into a trinity. Let us gaze upon the broad triangular base they would lay for the rearing of the pyramid of progress: First came "Butlerism;" its basic principles may be stated as being:

First—That spirit manifests throughout the universe in forms, each of which receives, transmutes and radiates its own peculiar life essence. That these life currents are persistently flowing around and through one another's environment almost regardless of space or personalities, but through the laws of "like to like," successive centres of force dominate in this influence over each other. Again, these forces observe a certain vibration or rotation, and, being perfectly orderly, cast the strongest influence over that portion of their environment nearest their center of action. As we can not live to-morrow today, nor yesterday to-morrow, therefore let us hourly, daily, weekly, monthly and yearly, make the best use of our strongest surrounding forces, transmuting their influences according to our light, and thus preparing ourselves to profitably meet their successive recurrence, as they tick away the man-measured time of God's eternity.

Second—That to properly prepare ourselves to transmute strong stellar influences, we must purify ourselves from the two *weighty earth* influences, as absorbed through food and habit, pursuing with a sleuth hound's persistence, that essence of life which will produce in our being the greatest radiance of spiritual light.

Third—To successfully and intellectually obtain this soul culture, we must listen for the faintly acting soul senses; and by thus invoking them, bid them awake, arise, and walk with us through our future existence.

Surely this is not a very weak corner to our base. What of "Eddyism?" If our friend is not prepared to assert with Mrs. Eddy, "There is no matter," let him still hold that there *is* matter; but as he chases a bit of it through its successive stages of solid, liquid, aeriform and radiant, let him put his finger upon it in its last named stage and *hold it fast* for comfort.

Suppose we grant Mrs. Eddy this idiosyncracy of expression, and see what she and hers have done for the present age. Has she not shown man a way to liberate himself from an oppressive environment, and claim his birthright of Divinity?

Suppose that when she asserts "There is no matter, no sickness, no sin," you were to kindly enlarge her vocabulary and consider that she says, "There is no low environment with which I am bound to correlate. There is no wrong that can dominate me. I will only entertain those thoughts and forces that are high, harmonious and helpful. I am that which I will to be. Spirit is the power of God, and it shall be in me the power unto my salvation."

When a barking dog nags you in the street, what difference does it make whether you say, "I will pay the brute no attention," or, "There is no dog—for me —only sunshine, beauty, birds and gentle thought."

Can you not concieve that a great strength might flow from such conviction, and a strong impetus be given our moral development? The same rule or "treatment" applied to sociological questions would make us oblivious to the imperfections of friends, thus placing the work of vengeance into the Lord's hands, who has, we believe, claimed the only right to bestow it.

Can such a power in man, justly be called "bogus?" Let us rejoice in the possession of such a rock of strength under the second corner of our being.

And now, lastly, as to Newboroughism, what is his line of thought? What are his principles of action? He believes that the heavenly societies have heads of departments who are placed there by the law of the pre-eminence of the fittest, and who serve for a cycle of time, then pass on, giving place to another, exhibiting a perfect example of rotation in office.

That the heavens are graded according to spiritual specific gravity, the densest or lowest stratum being nearest the crude effluvia of earth, and containing the crudest souls, spiritually considered.

That these heavenly societies are formative of the progressive conceptions of earth. That all lower forms of nature teach us, by direct inspiration of the father, to bend the energies toward the preservation of offspring and the losing of self in the help of another; so *we* should bend our main energy to the proper rearing of children, either our own or homeless waifs, removing them from the vice of cities, to quiet spots where works of the Father are manifest, and there teaching them with love and patience; teaching them, through the power of inspiration in us, to seek for the Father's voice in their own souls, thus opening their being to the inflowing of His *direct* inspiration, which will lead them to dwell together in helpful unity.

Can we be fulfilling our duty in any line of thought, while we neglect the young in years, or needy in circumstance? Thousands of homeless children roam the gutters of cities uninfluenced by orthodoxy. Liberals are too busy working out soul philosophies, to attend to these children of the street. "He that doeth the works shall know of the doctrine, if it be of God." Therefore, let intellectual people who are writing upon philanthropic subjects, or casting their mite into the contribution box, turn admiring eyes and words of sympathy upon the work of a man who sets out to *practice* what he preaches, and to care for a few hundred babes according to the revelations to his soul, in "Oahspe."

Can our friend point us to a grander work of philanthropy? Can you find one promulgated in a spiritualistic seance, a Metaphysical college, a Theosopoic lodge, a work on the evolution of man, or in an orthodox prayer-meeting? I have failed to find elsewhere, as complete a conception of man's duty, that shall be in harmony with the rest of nature, as is portrayed in "Oahspe,"—or the revelation to John Newborough. Let us reverently place this third outcast stone under our structure, and make it the "head of the corner;" this rock of loving sympathy, accompanied with patience and care, bestowed upon alien children of the Father's kingdom. Let us not be "dogs in a manger," but let us stand before the Great Father, Mother of Life, claiming nothing but the right to breathe in all the helpful soul forces possible, gladly allowing every other being to select *his* soul supplies.

What is the use of calling people "cranky," "daft," "one-sided," "duped," "bigoted fools," "ignorant?" Such terms will not enlighten them; they cannot see as you do, until, through the quickening of their soul sensibilities they are prepared to do so. You might hurl your grand conceptions at them for a week, they would be no wiser at the end of that time. Shall we then keep silence? No! the ancient orthodox oracle bids us, "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye on the house-tops." Speak freely your thought, but let it be cast as soul bread upon the solvent waters of spirit, expecting its "return after many days."

So long as we occupy a little man-made sectarian craft—for there is such a thing as *liberal* sectarianism, you know—and compete with others for passengers in the voyage of thought upon the fathomless ocean of spirit, we must expect hard remarks, biased feelings and possible shipwreck. We may shape our philosophical craft as we will, paint it according to our conception of color harmony, fly a flag with an enticing name, and furthermore, ballast it with all our previously formed opinions; it is but a small bit of a changing conception of Divinity. It will shatter on great rocks of unheard of truth, when the "spirit moveth upon the face of the deep." Wherein lies its unperceived worthlessness? Is it not in our effort to separate *our* special thought from other systems of philosophies? In our effort to own and manage a bit of surging Divinity? It will and *must* break the enclosing shell and freely mingle with the Infinite All.

Let us not doubt the ability of spirit to hold its own. Let us step out of the bond of personality, and with Peter's faith say, "I will walk the bosom of spirit, lave my being in its waters, calm my feverish excitement in its great coolness, and listen to the secret music of its depths. The forces of my being know their own; all in nature are akin; all are but notes in the Father's diapason. There is but one force able to bind the forms of nature and keep them separate; one force to keep a bird a bird, a rock a rock, and that is, the capacity of each to receive the forces of the Father."

Water may not be poured into a full cup. A soul must feel a need before it can receive another attitude of truth, no matter how beautiful may be its expression. Were you to talk to an audience of fifty persons, with but one ripe for your thought, *he* will be the only one that will hear with his spiritual ears; the others will remain as if you had not spoken. Verily, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the spirit saith." D. M.

WINNETKA.

Home Missionary—"Do you believe your prayers are answered, Uncle 'Rastus?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"'Pends altogether on de prayer. When I prays de Lord to send me a turkey, it don't come, but when I prays de Lord to send me after a turkey, I gen'ly gits it before midnight."

A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I know I can't," replied the sobbing fair one. "But," she added, with a heavenly smile, "I mean to try!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

The Great Throne and the Book of Life.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Within the last twenty years I have read many articles from the pen of the venerable Elder Evans, with pleasure and profit, and I regard him as inspired in the large majority of his ideas and scriptural interpretations.

His presentation of the social and economic questions are in harmony with those of all advanced thinkers, and I admire and revere him as one exalted far above the average clergyman of the day. And having paid him this tribute, I trust that the criticisms contained in this article will not be imputed to prejudice on my my part. In his article in the GOLDEN GATE, of September 28th, I think his conception of "The Great White Throne," is far too narrow, and exaggerates Shakerism at the expense of other associations and individuals. I have been a student of that marvelous book of St. John for more than forty years, and I cannot hold my peace when any one seeks to appropriate any of its grand emblems and spiritual figures, to the building up of any sect, no matter what its name may be. The Elder says "The Great White Throne," is Shakerism, and he that sits upon it is the Christ spirit.

Now, it must be evident, that the power which is destroying superstition and error, is none other than truth, which is the common property of all mankind, just in proportion to each individual as they possess the intelligence and inspiration to perceive and appropriate. A great multitude of scientists, poets and philosophers, outside of Shakerism, have done noble work in the development and spread of knowledge, and each one of these, in spirit, whether it be a Newton, a Watts, a Columbus, a Fulton, a Darwin, a Morse, an Edison, a Payne, an A. J. Davis, or the thousands of spirit media throughout the land are part and parcel of him who sat upon the throne; the throne is purity, whether it be in generation, in diet, in law making, or any thought, or deed, but as there is so little purity on the earth side of life, what John saw doubtless was on the spirit side of life, for within the last forty years a very flood of knowledge has poured from the spirit to the earth plane, and will in time create as John saw, "a new heaven and a new earth." This knowledge is indeed pure; it is free from dogmatism, creed and superstition. I am willing to give the Shakers credit for all they have done, and are doing, but it is but a drop in the bucket compared with the work done by Spiritualists and liberalists.

The Shakers have hidden their light too much under a bushel, while others have gone forth into the by-ways and given light to the night enshrouded multitude. I can fully endorse what the learned Elder says regarding society, as now organized, viz., "It is Babylon, (confusion), truly as seen by John." But when he interprets the book of life, spoken of by John as memory, or the lobes of the human brain, he falls far short of the true interpretation. Many years since, I avowed publicly that this book of life, was the book or history of nature, or the facts or truths of nature, for it is by the natural facts that all things are being judged. The ancients believed the world to be flat, Columbus and other explorers proved it to be round. The grand book of nature began to be opened about the time of the discovery of this continent, but all of its pages are not yet disclosed to our view, and there are many errors yet to be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone. The word "whosoever," in the last verse of the twentieth chapter, should be "whatsoever," otherwise there is little sense or consistency in the subject matter. John evidently saw, as all spiritual seers do, the most prominent events. So death and hell being fictions, or myths, have been burned up by the mighty fires of truth, which have emanated from the spirit world, promulgated by mediums and spiritual teachers throughout the breadth of the land, and to these belong the credit of destroying death and hell; and therefore, I think I am justified in saying that these in spirit and essence constitute a practical and living part of him who sits upon "The Great White Throne."

BEN FRANKLIN FRENCH.

LOS ANGELES, October 5, 1889.

Three Dreams in a Desert.

[Olive Schreiner in Fortnightly Review.]

As I traveled across an African plain, the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you. Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps. Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look."

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her; *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke; and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the trees at the blue sky overhead; I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high.* And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written "Reason." And he asked her what she wanted; and she said, "I am woman, and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark, flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them."

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert; they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way; where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings"—

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long; so long I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

*The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep, shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down, that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

But she listened intently, and she said, "I hear the sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another, and then another, and at last, with their bodies piled up a bridge is built, and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come first, some are swept away and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge!"

"And are swept away and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that,"——she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge"—— And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked toward my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would rise again.

A Friendly Criticism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Please lend the aid of your columns for the correction of a grammatical error which has become well nigh chronic with a large class of Spiritualist writers, and thus help to smooth the way of certain of the better educated and more fastidious in their approach toward an acceptation of our faith. The error in view is met to a surprising extent in most of our papers, and sometimes coming from those who, from their general ability and intelligence, certainly ought to make a more perfect use of our language.

The mistake consists in using the word "phenomena" in the singular instead of the plural number; the only correct way, as any one may see by consulting a good dictionary, the word being simply the plural form of the word phenomenon. To illustrate my point, I will now refer to an article in your number of September 21st, upon the moral restraint of Spiritualism, in which are found such phrases as "a phenomena;" "phenomena is," and others somewhat similar which, when looked at in a scholarly and critical way, present to view an unmistakable blunder of speech. Surely the writer must thank me for thus calling attention to what has probably become an accustomed mode of speech with him, and which he will readily relinquish as will others when the error is thus fairly presented to them. H.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

As a man thinketh, so is he, is no more true than the reverse: As a man is, so thinks he.—*Selected.*

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Sadie, Lea'er o' the Oriental Band in the Heavens through the mediun-ship of Mrs. E S. Fox. Scribe for the Sun Angel' Order of Light.]

CHILDREN OF THE ORDER—*Greetings from the heart of Saidie.*—Again Saidie meets each and every one with her love, and as all may not be able to meet her face to face, they may do so through the spirit of her teachings. Saidie has ever striven to give to humanity the bread of life and wine of the kingdom which is truth baptized, and made sacred by a love that fades not nor tires in its work. The work of the Order of Light, is to bring to receptive minds a knowledge of life, its mission and aim; to uplift mankind, and do away with error and wrong, thus placing their consequences, suffering and unhappiness into the tide of circumstance that empties itself into the lake Oblivion, which will in time have become last in the mazes of an eternal past.

Children, many of you are struggling with the conditions woven of materiality, that seem invincible; but, dear ones, the whirlpool of oblivion shall engulf these all in good time. You, in reaching for the highest and holiest, feel the unrest that comes from a longing to grasp the unattainable, and know the unknown. Doors are open before you in which possibility stands revealed in her shining garments, and the longing to reach that goal, brings dissatisfaction of soul, and unrest to mind. Could Saidie picture before each mind, the Infinite love, and that which bears His children out into fields of experience, would not many receive the outline as a benediction of peace, and let the restless wings within fold themselves in greater content, losing not their desires for the pure and holy, but resting in the thought they are gathering to themselves life's greatest, most exalted good.

Children, Saidie breaks down no barriers of protection, but she asserts that church and creed have done much to rear an impenetrable wall between you and your loved ones. Their influence is felt within each heart, although the brain assents not to the dogmas; but the influence is felt and known in every walk of life. The soul feels little freedom in its outreaching, for fear holds in perpetual bondage, lest after all the other life be not as its realities appear. Saidie comes to you, not a myth, not a god, but as a reality, an individual e'en as yourselves; a child of the Father who has earned her place and position, as must you. Possibilities wait the opening of the door circumstance has closed; possibilities that will make of earth a very heaven, if the people will but do and dare.

Saidie would that in every place where mankind hold the reins of power, that right and justice should rule. She has no part in the double-dealing and fraud of the land. She would strike at the root of all that is evil, and let the light of heaven shine in the dark places. She would unearth sin, lay it openly before the world of matter and of spirit, and cause evil-doers to hide their faces in shame before the penetrating eyes of the world of spirit. She has not come to build up fame for herself, nor exaltation for her workers.

The Order of Light has not unfurled a banner of security over marts where gold makes rich and powerful its possessor, but she has quietly entered with a host of loving ones; an humble home, the center from which may radiate light, love and wisdom, to bless hearts and homes all over the land. We may concentrate our forces, and thus send out an influence that is felt far and near. With the little magnets, angel-blessed, goes forth a tide of love that will help struggling ones, and bless the weary. But to do our work wisely and well, we must retain in our hands the power and privilege of choosing our workers, and portioning to each the part of our work which we see will be best done by the one whom we have tested and found best fitted for the same.

When Saidie first banded together those who should form the nucleus of her purpose, she asked of each one obedience to her will. Councils convened in the heavens where the work was considered wisely; then messengers were sent to the children meeting in the home center, bearing the messages and wishes of the guides. Saidie and others also, have put on materiality and spoken to our loved ones from hearts overflowing with love and good will, words of cheer and encouragement, as well as those of counsel and help. We have sought in all things the best good of mortals. We give you no ism but truth, that which will upbuild and fit each one for their home of Light. We have welcomed home faithful ones whose baptisms fall upon the hearts of those who remain to uphold our banner still; some have turned aside, seeking other paths; may their souls find the rest and peace wisdom alone can impart. Many are steadfast and true, ever seeking to do the angels' will, knowing the angels are true, and redeem every promise.

Saidie blesses each one anew: In a council convened in the heavens the needs of the work and workers have been considered, and plans to bring greater perfection are lain. Each faithful one receives from Saidie in spirit a benediction, and also there is for them an added brilliance to the robe and crown waiting "over there." The benediction shall be spoken to each heart, and each shall feel its wave of peace. Sit, my children, each one who feels within their heart they have striven to live in accord with the highest and holiest, one half hour after reading these, Saidie's words, and a something will come to each one that will whisper of the angels' love, as new baptism from the heaven of heavens will tell receptive souls the sweet story of unfoldment and progress better than gift of gold, this will prove a helping power to tide you over many rough places. In this way, a silent influence will be felt within each heart, that will reach out to help others. Saidie longs to see the millennium dawn that will bring to earth happiness now unknown. She would see her own happy in their knowledge of the higher life, for well she knows happy hearts and faces are powerful ministers to the sin-sick soul.

Therefore she bids each be happy; gather around you all the sunshine possible; live in hopes, and dwell in love. No myth shall enshroud you, but knowledge and truth shall be an open book from which you will freely read the lore of the past, the attainments of the present, and promise for the future.

Peace be with you,

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1889.

Phenomena or Philosophy—Which, or Both?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening I attempted to attend a meeting held at Redman's Hall, of this city, where it had been advertised that two well known slate writing mediums would give independent slate writing tests. I went early to avoid the crush, but as there was another meeting being held in the hall, we could not gain admission until the other meeting was out, and we were sent to Brother Cardwell's dancing hall in the same building, to wait the dismissal of the other meeting; by the time this meeting was out, a very large crowd had assembled to attend the slate writing meeting; and such a rush to be the first in the hall would surprise you; hundreds were turned away, as it was impossible to seat all who came. Not so at the other halls where lectures were being held, discussing the higher philosophies of life and the philosophy of Spiritualism; there was room enough and to spare, although the speakers were able and popular; and why, I ask, is this so?

It is evident that the masses want phenomena; they want to see the strange and the marvelous, and will take the chances of being often humbugged in the hopes of seeing something genuine, and I think it useless, if not wrong, to try to prevent physical manifestations; there must be an awakening before investigation, and this is seldom if ever done without manifestations. Let us then, guard ourselves as much as possible against frauds, and let physical manifestations be encouraged, for the soul once awakened, will go on and on until full development ensues, which is sure to take place sooner or later. Therefore, by all means, let us encourage good manifestations, and invite all to an investigation of our philosophy. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oct. 1, 1889.

Spirit Identity.

We extract the following from a letter which appears in "*Light*" of July 6th:

Two of my daughters are facile and rapid writers with "planchette" when they simultaneously each rest one hand thereon On a recent occasion "planchette" wrote: "Mr. William, do you remember me, your old servant, Cook, who was several years in your service in India?"

The mode of address arrested my attention, for "Cook" was the name of my father's coachman, and having called me by that name during my boyhood and early life, he had continued to do so after he came into my service. But to continue the narrative. I intimated in reply to the above query that I perfectly recollected "Cook" and proceeded to put many what I may call "test questions." These were in the main answered satisfactorily; the names of horses, the death of a horse he had brought me from Adelaide, the jockey who rode for me in our local races, the birth and death of his own child, and other matters being referred to. The answer to one question I asked was more especially remarkable I said: "Do you recollect anything in particular in connection with your departure from Madras?" "Planchette" at once wrote:—"Yes, sir, I remember that the passage money was not paid till just before the ship sailed;" the fact being that owing to a mistake on the part of the shipping clerk in my office the passage money for "Cook" had not been entered in the ship's account, nor his name included in the list of passengers, and that the captain, not fancying taking a second-class passenger in a very bad state of health, sent Cook ashore again, leaving only just time to have the error rectified, and the man re-embarked before the vessel sailed.

This occurred before the birth of either of my daughters, and they knew nothing whatever of "Cook." I am not sure that that they have ever heard of him, as he died shortly after his arrival in England.

Apologizing for trespassing on your space with a letter which may be of little or no interest to your readers,

WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT.

Bentsbrook, Dorking, June 29th, 1889.

What are the Spooks?

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Six years have elapsed since the Psychical Society commenced its scientific investigation of stories of apparitions. Hundreds of communications have been received, and have been subjected to searching tests by the late Edmund Gurney, by F. W. H. Myers, by Professor and Mrs. Sedgwick, and by others of the members, among whom are included some of the best known men of science, literature, art, politics and religion. What has been found out? In the first place a committee of the society, after an exhaustive inquiry, has arrived at the conclusion that telepathy, or thought transference, is an established fact, and it is believed that this fact goes far to explain, on perfectly natural grounds, many of the phenomena of the related apparitions.

The "apparitions" divide themselves into several classes. In the overwhelming majority of the cases, however, the appearance takes place shortly after death. First, there are the cases where the form is seen, or the voice heard, of some one who is known and who knows the "percipient."

Rev. G. M. Tandy tells how, glancing one day towards the window, he saw his old college friend, Canon Robinson, whom he had not met for ten years. He went out for him, but he was gone. The same day he read in a paper that Canon Robinson was dead.

A chemist's assistant at Glasgow "appeared" in a dream to his employer in London and told him that he was poisoned, but he was not to suppose it was suicide. Afterward a letter came saying the young man was dead.

A married lady at Newcastle-on-Tyne saw a former suitor looking at her through the door, dressed only in his trousers and shirt. She mentioned what she had seen to her husband at the time, and he laughed at her. Six months afterward the husband, who adds his testimony to that of his wife, heard that the ex-suitor, who was an actor, had died from an overdose of chloral, in the dress he wore in "The Corsican Brothers," about the time when the apparitions were seen.

A Colonel relates that at the time of the Transvaal war he woke in the dawn and saw in his room a bro her officer, and spoke and said, "I'm shot," pointing to his lungs. The same day he told another officer what he had seen, and the following morning the news was published that his friend had been killed at Laing's Neck; and months afterward an officer who was in the battle and saw the body told him that the wound was exactly where it was pointed out by the apparation.

In all these cases the "percipients" were known to those from whom the "phantasmal" impressions were received. But cases are given where similar impressions were received by persons to whom the "apparitions" were unknown.

A Grimbsy gentleman saw on a bright moonlight night, in a room at Maderia, a young fellow of about twenty-five years, dressed in flannels. He described the apparation, and found it coincided with a young man who had died in that room a few months previously.

A Glasgow lady twice saw an old Gypsy-like woman lying on a bed in the kitchen of the house she and her two sisters were occupying. The second time she called to her sisters, "There she is!" but they could see nothing, and the bed was unruffled. Afterward, when they were narrating the incident to a neighbor, the latter nearly swooned away, for she recognized in the apparition an old woman who had died in the house through supposed ill-treatment of her husband.

What is the explanation of such cases? The suggestion hazarded is a novel one. If living persons can produce telepathic impressions on others at a distance, and those impressions can externalize themselves as apparitions and voice, may not similar thought-transference and telepathic externalization take place between the dead, who may continue to take an interest in the localities with which they were associated in life, and the living? When the telepathic impression is conveyed from a known person there is what may be called a personal apparation. When it is an apparition of a person unknown in a place in which he was formerly interested it is described as a local apparation. All the cases divide themselves into the two classes.

Chicago Widow—"Oh! Mr. Cropely, cruel fate sends me again to you to buy a casket. This time it is my dog Fido."

Undertaker—"Here is something the same as I sold you for your husband last month."

Chicago Widow—"Oh! I want something much more elaborate and expensive. He was such a dear doggie."—*Omaha World.*

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. OWEN, Manager.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

That was an odd and somewhat suggestive way of stating the case, as we read the other day in a smart newspaper—"Henry R. Simpson lost "two million dollars last evening in less than a "minute—from heart disease." It was a great misfortune to Henry Simpson, that he should have had that amount of money to *lose*, for what else does any rich man, who does nothing for the world, do with his money when he dies but lose it? The only way not to lose it is to make a good use of it before he dies. If he leaves it for imprudent and unthrifty heirs to squander, he not only loses it, but he does them an incalculable mischief as well. If man were to live on this plane forever, and especially if the infirmities of age should render it impossible for him to acquire more, there might be a good reason for his holding on to all he could get; but old age should remind him that he is about through with this mortal existence, and that the time is at hand when he will no longer have any use for money, or property of any kind. There is nothing so tests the quality of a rich man's nature, as the appeal of approaching dissolution, to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." Governor and Mrs. Stanford, guaged by this test, are not found wanting; neither is Eunice S. Sleeper, nor other royal souls we could name.

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That noble woman and grand humanitarian, Mrs. Leland Stanford, who, with her husband, has given vast sums for humanity's sake, is reported as saying that she hoped it might be her lot "to die poor." Ah, that is the sweetest poverty the world ever knew, that surrenders all worldly wealth for the good of others. How such deeds blossom into glory, and clothe the immortal spirit in raiment of light. The wealth that belongs simply to the things of time bears no comparison to the riches of the spirit. One is dross, the other pure gold—one the shadowy thing of a day, the other the substantial riches of eternity, that shall increase and grow brighter with the ages. Go on, royal souls; there is preparing for you a home in the life beyond, in comparison with which all earthly palaces are the veriest hovels. Only a few years hence, at most, and you will enter upon your possessions. Life will then have for you a meaning and a grandeur of which this life is but the faintest suggestion. How like unto Him who gave his all, even his life, for the good of others.

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"Why don't you denounce the alleged mediums whom you *know* to practice deception?" inquired an earnest and honest seeker after truth of us, recently. Simply because we do not care to increase their business by free advertising. These alleged mediums have many friends who blindly believe in their genuineness, and who are passing through an experience which seems to be necessary for them. They will come to a knowledge of the truth someday, as many have, and will be all the wiser for it. We have found that any denunciation of mediumistic frauds only creates profitless antagonisms, which redound to their advantage. It causes them to be regarded as suffering martyrs, by their admirers, who will at once rally to their support. Happy the Spiritualist who passes through this ordeal with faith in the genuine unshattered. At first, when coming to his senses, he may not know exactly where to draw the line between the true and the false; but if his heart is true and his head reasonably level, he will soon learn, and will come out all the better for this severe experience through which he has passed.

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And this brings us to a question we have frequently discussed, and that is the encouragement of private mediumship. Already some of the most marvelous instruments for psychic power are entirely unknown to the public. That refined and truthful mediums, sensitive women especially, should shrink from the public gaze is not to be wondered at, when so many whose names have been before the public have proved themselves unworthy of confidence. Every family should have its household altar, as many already have, before which each member thereof can come with confidence and love, to hold communion with the loved ones on the other side of life. That we have many grand public mediums, who are deserving of all honor for the faithful manner in which they have upheld, and are upholding the cause, we do not for a moment question, and that such mediums are a necessity, and will be for a long time yet, is equally true; at the same time the need for a higher spiritual unfoldment in private life is a pressing one, for the better advancement of the cause. Many of the best and truest Spiritualists we know are never seen in public circles—their own spiritual gifts, or those of some member of their family circle, are sufficient for them.

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It appears to us that our religious teachers spend altogether too much time in studying the ancient writings which have been compiled into a book (millions say The Book), and altogether too little in studying themselves, and teaching the laws of life and health as they find them engraven on the tablets of their own constitutions. It would seem to be self-evident that whatever may be a revelation to one person, in a past age, cannot, in the nature of things, be a revelation to another person in another age. We would not deprecate the grand precepts of life and duty, embodied in the Christian Scriptures, although we would much prefer to have said precepts and teachings disentangled from the mass of rubbish in which we find them involved; still, there is so much we need to learn, of which the Bible tells us nothing, that it does seem as though some of the time spent in Bible class and Sunday-school, as well as in church service generally, might better be devoted to lessons in hygiene and the science of right living. What better is a man off from listening to a sermon from a Second Adventist, on the destruction of the wicked, or a Calvanist on predestination, or infant damnation? What more does he know after being taught the doctrine of three Gods in one, or the necessity of killing one of the three, which was the entire three, to satisfy the sense of justice of the other two, which was himself, as the only means of saving man from the consequences of his imaginary fall? In the light of the new truths now breaking upon the world, these old traditions are fast fading away.

***

The thought of death is a great terror to many people—the thought that they must grow old and die, and their bodies be consigned to the grave. But why should it be? In sleep the body simulates death in all except the physical awakening. The spirit passes out and into other scenes and enjoyments, and no doubt, often, to the companionship of spirits on the other side of life. We do not dread sleep; why should we dread death, which is quite as natural and painless. Even were there no hope of a hereafter, there surely could be no desire to live, if life were unendurable from pain or other causes. But that which most reconciles one to endure the ills of time and the pains of sickness to the end, is the knowledge that the spirit needs all these experiences to best prepare it for the realities of the life to come. While no true Spiritualist has any doubts or misgivings as to the future, he is nevertheless willing to remain here his allotted time, and endure patiently until the end.

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The chronic growler—we find him almost everywhere, wherever men and women congregate. He is never satisfied with his surroundings; something is always wrong with him, and he is not backward in showing it, and thereby striving to make others as uncomfortable as himself. If at the table, his food is never properly cooked or served; if in the public conveyance, the managers and servants are sure to come in for a measure of his execrations; if at the communion table, he would remember with disgust the quality of the bread and wine. Such a man should never marry, or if he does his wife should be made of that sterner stuff capable of taking the growl out of him on his first attempt to practice it.

—Our mediums are all busy, and the public meetings and seances are well attended.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY."

No man ever sank under the burden of to-day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added, that the weight is more than one can bear.—*George McDonald.*

In these days of spiritual unfoldment, coming events and their nature are often cast upon the wind. We hold that what is to be, will be, whether good or evil, as the terms go; foreknowledge may cause us to so act that the evil may be modified or deferred, and even assume a new form altogether, but it cannot be avoided, because it is a part of our lives, and has a purpose, therefore should not be shunned; on the contrary, we should put ourselves in a condition to meet and receive it and learn whatever lesson it brings. In this, we do not include accidents that may be, and often are, avoided, but states and conditions that affect the soul and spirit, as storm-freighted clouds affect the earth. Whatever lessens the buoyancy of the spirit is called a burden, a sorrow, and the old adage, "Troubles never come singly," has gained such force, that human nature is continually borrowing trouble when once a shadow falls. Trouble and sorrow are increased because of our ignorance of them.

By the term "ignorance," we do not mean lack of experience, for all have trouble and sorrow of one kind or another, sooner or later. But we do not seek to learn the cause and nature of our troubles; we are just depressed, gloomy, sad and miserable, and we think that's enough. Trouble, like falsehood, has its uses, and like it, it flees before investigation. If all persons would study the why and wherefore of their troubles, they would vanish like mist before the sun, because they would no longer think of them, but the causes that produced them. When once we begin to study causes, we lose sight of effects, except so far as we would desire a repetition. The great sorrow of the world lies in the fact that it has been battling with effects, while the causes have multiplied almost unperceived, and quite unmolested. The mission of trouble is to impart wisdom—to make us wise in the laws that regulate our material happiness, and govern our spiritual growth. The day is coming when we shall not anticipate trouble, nor shun it as an evil, but hail it as a revelation.

THE MILWAUKEE BREWERIES.

The *Sintinel* proves itself a good watchman when it explains the relation the great breweries of Milwaukee bear to the moral and educational condition of that city. It says: "Six new "school buildings are immediately necessary, "but because there are so many saloons the tax-"payers must support police, and courts, and "jails, and charitable institutions with their "money. There are hundreds of children of "school age in this city who are denied school "privileges because we cannot afford to put up "more school buildings."

Of its three thousand saloons it says: "They "render it necessary to sustain a large police "force to preserve order. They compel the city "and the county to support courts and all the "machinery of the law, to take care of offenders "whose offenses grow out of liquor. They make "us support a house of correction for the seclu-"sion of drunkards and criminals who have been "developed by the saloons at an enormous cost. "They lay upon the city and county the burden "of supporting almshouses for the care and seclu-"sion of persons reduced to drunkenness and "pauperism; hospitals for the medical treatment "of chronic invalids whose disease can be traced "to whisky; insane asylums, towards the filling "of which, whisky contributes a large share. "The tax-payers bear the greater part of these "burdens imposed by licensing saloons."

The above could be said of breweries and saloons everywhere. But the one is tolerated as a business industry, and the other granted as a concession to the crude and undeveloped state of popular sentiment. And this is the dawn of the Twentieth Century! But let us take heart and consider that this state of things is not maintained by Americans, but foreigners. If it is ever otherwise, American sentiment will make it so.

A MISTAKE.

The late Methedist Conference at Pacific Grove, did some good work, then at the close passed such resolutions as to draw all attention from its meritorious proceedings, by that class of minds that are awake to the day's progress and time's changes. Endorsing the Sunday Rest Association, and the Sunday Rest bill in Congress, it went on to condemn certain doings on Sunday, among which were mentioned riding on trains or boats, purchasing and reading Sunday papers, and publishing notices of pulpit services in Sunday papers.

"What has been, may be again," it is said. We know that in past ages Sunday observance was not with all a matter of choice. In the days of Edward and Elizabeth, James First, William and Mary, and George Third, there were laws requiring attendance at church under divers penalties. In the reign of Charles Second, in 1676, an act was passed probibiting traveling, the pursuit of business, and all sales except that of milk, on Sunday. The various churches are uniting their forces to bring about a similar state of affairs to-day, though they can succeed in but one thing, if at all, and that is in producing a civil and religious strife. Ours is not an ecclesiastical government; it was based upon religious freedom, and this freedom the people will maintain by whatever means that is forced upon them. Neither resolutions nor laws will be respected when they interfere with individual freedom, and curtail the inalienable rights of American citizens.

A MIGHTY DIGGER.—Gen. Boschke, a famous engineer of this city, has invented, patented and constructed a dredging machine for reclaiming the fresh water tide lands of the "River, Harbor, Canal Dredging and Land Company," which seems to embody more good points than any other ditching machines in use, at least in this country. An idea of the simplicity of this machine may be had from the *Bulletin's* description of it: "It "consists of an iron wheel, resembling the wheel "of a sternwheel steamer, with eight scoops or "buckets attached on its face and set in motion "by a friction grip, a very ingenious device for "transmitting power to a wheel of twenty-two "feet diameter. The value of this device is that "it prevents breakage of the dredge when the "buckets strike obstructions. Hence by this "improvement the frequent delays and cost of "repairs in the other type of dredges will be "avoided and thereby the cost of dredging ma-"terially reduced." It moves over the country on wheels running on a temporary railroad track. It is provided with a piledriver for track building where the ground is soft. It excavates a ditch four feet deep, five feet wide on the bottom and seven feet on top. As it moves along the track is taken up from the rear and carried to the front. The amount of dredging it will accomplish is simply immense.

"NOT EQUAL."

The fundamental declaration of our United States Constitution has at last been denied—that all men are *not* equal. In a recent meeting at Cleveland, of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a spirited discussion arose as to what was meant when wage-workers were spoken of, and Rev. Dr. Holland of St. Louis, said: "All men are not "equal. We are not born equal, and we never "can be equal; and the idea that God created "man equal, grew out of the superstitious and infi-"del ignorance of an age that has passed away. "It is God's law that some men shall be greater "than others, and all the anarchy and the com-"munism and atheism of the world cannot "change it. Here in this country, we are ruled "by a government that upnolds this doctrine of "equality, and our politicians and rulers are "afraid to speak the truth, because the lower "order of society has a vote. I pray to heaven "that the clergy may not also be ruled by this "fear of votes."

Whatever the law, it is certain that equality in its truest sense, has never yet existed among men under any government. Something like equality is found among savages, but it is of such a nature that it hardly deserves the name of human. There was a time in our country's history, when we had considerable apparent social and political equality: before women realized that they were citizens, and when there were no millionaires, and when the original thirteen colonies were united as one against a common enemy. Even then, the conditions of our present life were in embryo, awaiting the changes that should come with our growth and progress, to develop the inequalities that are now agitating our nation of hand-workers and the rest of the civilized world. Surely, if men were born equal, they would all attain with their manhood, equality in life. But their conditions are diversified and varied as are their mental endowments and capacities. When these can be changed, we can make all men equal, not before.

NO POLICY.

A young Catholic lady of San Francisco has just given thirty thousand dollars to found a hospital where persons of all creeds, or no creed, are to be received and treated free; and if not able to be taken to the hospital, the Sisters in charge will take care of them at their homes without a cent of expense to the patients or their friends. The institution is to be supported by charity.

In San Jose there is a similar institution, due to the generosity and liberality of Mr. O'Conners; it is non-sectarian, in charge of Sisters of Charity, and charmingly situated South of the Fair Grounds, surrounded by ample land belonging to it.

In contemplation of these noble gifts to suffering mortals, it is painful to see those who call themselves Christians—Protestant Christians—sneer at such generosity and disinterestedness, and call it "*policy*." If it *is* policy, it is such as any Protestant sect might well imitate; but Protestantism has done nothing of the kind, to our knowledge, and probably will not follow the example set by these good Catholics.

True Christians of any belief are going to accept true goodness of heart from all sources whence it comes, without question. When open charity comes to be doubted, suspected of motives, those who doubt should examine the state of their inner lives.

A COMPROMISE.

It is both interesting and suggestive to observe what the great minds of the Church to-day discuss and differ about—things, to doubt for a moment the wickedness of, would have ostracised the highest Church dignitary from the pale of orthodoxy, but a few years ago.

England is taking the lead just now in these matters, and is startling the Christian world by the degree of liberality shown by its clergy to so-called sinful things. During its last Convocation, gambling was especially discussed. Archdeacon Farrar said there was but one passage in the bible that could be quoted as condemning games of chance. Raffles, lotteries and bazars at church fairs were in turn taken up, and a proposition made to discourage them, which caused a heated controversy. The Bishop of Colchester laughed at the idea of raffles at church fairs having any connection with gambling, and maintained that they were one of the most useful means of raising money for church purposes.

The Baptist church at Wolverhampton, has been considering the question of amusement for its parish, and the result is an annex to that church, in which is a billiard-room, a smoking-room, and a bar for the sale of non-intoxicating drinks! The entire business is under the management of church officers, and is said to be well patronized and popular among the people. The religious press, however, most bitterly denounce it, and declare the general adoption of the innovation, would be a calamity. To say the least, the whole matter looks as though the church felt its power passing from it, and was willing to compromise with Lucifer for a longer hold thereof.

LOOK AT HOME

The secular press of London has a fondness for pointing out the defects of our "wild American" system, and yet we have nothing to compare with the miserable English postal system, whose "inwardness" is being investigated for the first time, mayhap, since the flood. Those Americans who see only perfection in anything English, might think better of their country after reading the following: "The postage from England to "India is five pence, while from France, Ger-"many and Russia, it is only two and one-half "pence. The rates from England to India and "China are so much higher than from France, "that a firm of publishers in London saves seven "thousand five hundred dollars postage annually "by having its papers mailed from Paris instead "of London, shipping them by freight in bulk to "Paris."

These are odd facts, but as odd might be found in other British institutions. No better light was ever thrown upon the cumbrous and slow-moving machinery of Her Majesty's original dominions, than is found in Charles Dickens' inimitable writings. The satire and ridicule of the same did more for the good of that country than all other means combined could accomplish in a thousend years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—John Slater's Sunday seances at the Temple continue to be crowded.

—Three trips to San Jose and one to Sacramento, during the last ten days, mixed up with a large amount of business matters, have not been conducive to best editorial work. But such breaks will not happen again soon.

—Fred Evans is recuperating at his pretty mountain home back of Lexington. He will soon be ready for public work, whereof due notice will be given. There may be seen at this office some beautifully illuminated testimonials presented him by the Colonists.

—Sister Saunders of Santa Clara County (including her good husband, two of the "Lord's anointed), was chosen the other day, to represent the goddess Ceres in the State Grange for the ensuing year. Ceres couldn't have found a better representative in all of her fruitful kingdom.

—Capt. and Mrs. Elisha Morse returned on Thursday from their Eastern tour among the camp-meetings. Their pleasure was seriously marred by the illness of Mr. Morse, which brought him near to the margin of the river. He is now much improved. A few weeks of our "glorious climate" will fix him all right.

—That wonderful instrument for the invisibles, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, will give her first public seance since her return from the East, at Washington Hall, at the close of Charles Dawbarn's lecture, on to morrow (Sunday) evening. We regret that a larger hall was not secured, as there are hundreds who would no doubt like to be present.

—The memorial service, in the State Grange the other day, afforded our good brother, I. C. Steele, a grand opportunity to say some golden words in behalf of our glorious philosophy of life and death, and right grandly did he say them. Our State Grange numbers among its delegates many earnest Spiritualists, and many more who are ready for the truth.

—W. J. Colville concluded a very successful months' work in Portland, Oregon, in the spacious Tabernacle, corner of 10th and Morrison streets, on Sunday, October 6th. About four hundred people were present in the afternoon, and even more in the evening. Both lectures were pronounced very able efforts by all who heard them. Immediately after the evening exercises, Mr. Colville took the train for Tacoma, Washington Territory, where he was to deliver several lectures in the Unitarian Church; he proceeds from there to Seattle, where he lectures Sundays, October 13th and 20th, and every intervening day. After a week's visit to Victoria, British Columbia, he will return to San Francisco and commence Sunday lectures at 106 McAllister street, November 3rd. Classes at 1119 Sutter street, November 4th.

BEULAH CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.—A most delightful party was given by the Beulah Club last Friday evening, the occasion being the benefit given to the Elsmere Kindergarten by Mrs. J. B. Rider. Owing to the large sale of tickets the house was crowded. The program, under the direction of Dr. Thomas L. Hill, was very fine. The musical numbers by professor Adelstein on the mandolin, and little Miss Beckhusen on the violin, earned well merited applause, as did also the recitations by the clever artists, Mrs. Nellie Holbrook and Dr. Thomas S. Hill. The soprano solo by Miss Alice Gough, was exceedingly good, and we wonder why we do not hear this sweet singer oftener. Mr. Thornton's full baritone voice is one of which we never tire, and he was at his best Friday evening. The little operetta, "My New Maid," with Miss Alvina Hener as Lady Grasmere, and Miss Carrie Roma, as Lady L'Estrange, was rendered in the best possible manner. We understand that a good round sum was made for the Kindergarten, and Mrs. Rider deserves great credit for her untiring efforts to make it a success.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting last Wednesday evening opened at 8 o'clock as usual, with singing, followed by Dr. Smith, Mr. Day, Mrs. Conners of Fresno and Mrs. Meyers of San Jose, who occupied the first hour by short addresses; the meeting then formed into circles, and tests were given by Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan, Mrs. L. McCann, Mrs. D. N. Maxwell, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Smith, Miss Bundy and Dr. Smith. The meeting was well attended, and closed with a song by Mrs. Rutter. Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, No. 111 Larkin street.

COURAGE.

The *Argonaut* says: "There never was a man "born of woman brave enough to fight a black "cat in a dark room voluntarily, with no one to "have knowledge of the encounter, or to look on "and applaud." It takes even greater courage than this for the average man to do a good deed without stopping to consider whether it will be known of the world around him; and an additional degree for some to deal justly by those to whom they are indebted, when they can defraud and not be brought to terms. It requires a great deal of moral courage for some to keep their promises and do precisely as they would be done by.

It is the continual breaking of the Golden Rule in every day affairs that makes about half the trouble and distress in this world. While one can, in a moral sense, injure no one but himself, he can treat others so as to lesson their faith in the integrity of their fellow men. To be cheated and deceived does not benefit any one, and he who creates and fosters suspicion by dishonest dealings with another, will be held morally responsible just so far as his dishonesty tends to lesson one's faith in humanity. It is a brave and courageous man who is strictly just where he might be otherwise and not be found out.

The Progressive Lyceum.

Editor of Golden Gate.

The hospitality which characterizes all of the efforts of the Progressive Lyceum, and the spirit of kindness that hovers over its assemblage, is always manifested at their public entertainments in the effort put forth by a large majority of its members to create sociability among those who are present. This being the case, the Lyceum's monthly social, which was given on last Saturday evening, drew so large a number of people to St. George's Hall, 909 1-2 Market street, that its seating capacity was almost too limited to accommodate them. The committee on the program consisted of Messrs. W. F. Muhlner, F. K. Blue, W. J. Kirkwood; Mrs. F. A. Robinson, Mrs. A. E. Fossette and Miss Margie Kohn.

Their efforts, with the able seconding of those who had generously consented to take part in the exercises, enabled the presentation of a fine musical and literary program, which elicited repeated encores, although on account of its length an effort was made to avoid this. The following is a list of the exercises of the evening:

March, by a large number of the pupils bearing flags. Recitation, "Dot Babe of Mine," Eva Peck. Instrumentalizations on harmonica, with popular airs in *encore*, Mr. Georke Jaeger. Ward exercises by seven pupils; Conductor, Christola Marrow; May Walters, Florence Cranston, Abby Pamperin, Jennie Pamperin, Willie Harrison, Gussie Stitt, Chester Nowell. Vocal duet. "No One to Welcome Me Home," Mrs. M. Chapman, Miss J. Kohn. Irish jig, with several comical presentations in *encore*, Mr. John Slater. Song, "Biddy's Notions," *encore*, "Golden Slippers," Daisy May Dressy. Recitation, "Keeping His Word," Nettie Bacon. Song, (with banjo accompaniment), "Golden Stairs," *encore*, comical selection, Miss Eva Ballou. Vocal solo, "Love's Request," Mrs. W. F. Muhlner. Zither selections, arranged by Bock, waltz; *encore* gallop, Criterion Zither Trio, Fred H. Ohmeis, Harry J. Simmen, George H. Heizman.

With the conclusion of the musical and literary feature of the program, dancing was introduced by Professor J. C. Horn as floor manager, assisted by Miss Mabel Morril, Mr. Frederick K. Blue and others. Mr. C. H. Wadsworth announced the performances during the evening, while Mr. C. H. Gilman officiated as door committee, and the tables were presided over by a committee consisting of Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Mrs. F. A. Robinson, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. L. R. Peck, Mrs. B. Pamperin, Mrs. M. Briggs, Mrs. Albert Cressey and Mrs. A. E. Fossette.

Sunday after an entertainment generally finds a smaller number of pupils at the lyceum; but, although many of them had been detained late at the entertainment on the previous evening, there was a very good representation at the opening exercises on Sunday morning. The arrangement of the pupils into better system, the formation of new groups, and their assignment to new teachers filled almost all the time, but there was sufficient time left for Mrs. Addie L. Ballou to make some interesting remarks upon two kangaroo bugs which she presented to the lyceum museum, and also a photograph of a wombat, or small animal of the same species, that had been her pet in Australia. The museum is growing, and will soon be a conspicuous feature of the lyceum's course, as a gentleman has kindly volunteered to construct a neat case to contain all the curiosities that have been, or may be, contributed in the near future.

The efforts of the scholars will soon furnish the material for ten-minute chats on every Sunday of the year.

W. J. Kirkwood.

St. George's Hall.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Circle of Harmony at 11 A. M. last Sunday in St. George's Hall, was of usual interest. Invocation by Mrs. Logan, good music by Miss Hall, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Rutter, also a young gentleman, who put so much soul in his deep, thrilling tones, that we could but feel that he daily walks and talks with the angels. Dr. Temple was impressed that he should assist Mrs. Logan in these meetings. Mr. Day's benign influence is like a benediction upon an audience, so well established in the glorious philosophy of spirit intercourse. Mr. Wilkinson gave a philosophical speech in a deep, unconscious trance; the young medium talked beyond his years. Miss McCann's remarks were received enthusiastically. Mr. Noble, a stranger, discoursed upon the "Line of Life;" to seek always an equilibrium, was in his opinion, the best course in matters pertaining to the physical and spiritual. The evening meeting was opened with an original poem by Mrs. Logan, followed by music, Mrs. Hall pianist, while the audience joined in singing. Miss Henshall performed on the piano and organ under spirit control, with the gas turned off. Dr. Temple gave very many unmistakable tests. These meetings are to be continued every Sunday at 909 Market street.

A New Spiritual Meeting, Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have commenced a series of spiritual conference and medium's meetings at Kohler's Hall, 1502 Seventh street (Center Station), Oakland. They propose to conduct them similar to the Mediums' Meeting in San Francisco. Last Wednesday, October 2d, was the first session, and a very profitable one to all parties concerned; the attendance was very good, considering the limited advertisement of the same. Mrs. Jennie of Oakland, assisted by donations of beautiful flowers, as well as an enthusiastic speech and a large number of tests. A. Freudenthal, the boy medium, gave an address and some very startling tests, one of which was the year and day of the death of a soldier who manifested to his daughter. Mr. Reickhard was among the mediums giving tests. Several voluntary speeches were made, showing the harmonious feeling which prevailed. These meetings will continue each Wednesday evening. Everybody invited.

Summerland Endorsed.

We the undersigned, Spiritualists, residents of Santa Barbara, California, having read Warren Chase's letters stating that the site of Summerland was an ineligible one; that the Spiritualists of our city do not endorse it; that none will go there to live from here; that the soil is barren; that there is but little water, and that the people cannot make a living or market their products, etc., desire to say to the Spiritualists of the world that we consider his actions, unsolicited and false statements, as base ingratitude towards the people of this county that have done so much for him. That editorials written by him while living here, deny every statement now made by him against this county. The Spiritualists of this place do endorse Summerland, and many of us now own lots there, with the hope and expectation of some day building and living there. There is a bountiful supply of water, and irrigation is unnecessary to raise a crop in this county.

Times are different now from when he was here. Our railroad has worked a revolution; it has opened the markets of the world to us. The same thrift, management and industry as exercised in the East, will insure a better living here than there, and in the most delightful climate in the world.

He admits in his statements that our population has more than doubled in the past six years, which admission should be a sufficient refutation of his statements, for people do not continue to flock to a barren, worthless country where they cannot earn a living. Fraternally,

Capt. J. H. Shields, John Eaves, Jeweller; Prof. G. A. Gymer, Dr. Abner Rush, W. L. Hunt, A. M. Pierce, F. F. Pierce, R. F. Fullington, Robt. B. Ord, John Walcott, Mary A. Ashley, Mrs. Jane Shields, Miss L. A. Johnson, Mrs. L. M. Smith, Mrs. Emeline Smith, I. B. Pierce, N. D. Rood, C. A. Wright, J. A. Kenney, Mrs. Pierson, Joseph Pierson, Dr. T. G. Maxwell, Geo. W. Coffin, J. C. Chamberlain, W. H. Woodbridge, C. M. Washburn, Alfred Davis, Eliza C. Galbraith, S. C. Williams, Rufus D. Smith, Jr., James W. Smith, J. D. Axtell, Silas Bond, J. R. Dutton, Mrs. L. A. Dutton, C. Tinker, George W. Russell, D. F. Woods, Maj. J. S. Barber, Wm. R. Miles, P. J. Barber, G. W. Leland, Mrs. S. J. Kenney, Emily Pierce, Mary Collins.

Santa Barbara, Cal., September 30, 1889.

At a public meeting held by the residents of Summerland, September 29, 1889, the following preamble and resolutions were passed unanimously:

Wherras, It has come to our knowledge that one Warren Chase is writing letters to the spiritual papers and to individuals, making false statements regarding this colony; stating, among other things, that the Spiritualists of Santa Barbara do not endorse our site; that none of them will come here to live; that all who come here to live will be glad to move away again; that the soil is barren and requires summer irrigation; that water is scarce and valuable; that six months of the year we are sprinkled with dust; that winter months are really the only pleasant ones; that there is nothing here by which people can earn a living, etc., therefore be it

Resolved, First—That each and every one of the above statements are false in each and every particular.

Second—That Warren Chase is hereby requested to mind his own personal affairs, and not to vent his spite against Santa Barbara or this angel organized Colony of Summerland.

Third—We respectfully solicit and request the different spiritual papers to publish the report of this meeting in full, that the truth may be known.

Some of us have been living here over eight months, and would not move away under any consideration. The accumulation of dust in the entire six months, that it does not rain, is not as much as accumulates in three weeks of rainless weather in the East. This is as delightful a summer as a winter climate. There are now four families living here who moved from Santa Barbara, and others are arranging to come. Twenty-four different parties in Santa Barbara have bought lots here, and others will do so when they can. A generous lady and a prominent Spiritualist there, who presented Warren Chase with a home when he lived in Santa Barbara, was the first Santa Barbara subscriber for lots here. We have plenty of pure water, and it is not expensive. No irrigation whatever is required to raise crops here. The soil instead of being barren, is of the richest and best quality. Mr. Williams has one thousand acres of it, which he is surveying into five and ten acre tracts, which he will offer for sale or rent to residents of Summerland, or to those in sympathy with this movement and who desire to join us, at reasonable prices. There is no town within five miles, with a thickly settled farming region about us, therefore there is a good opening for all kinds of business, trades and professions. Laborers and mechanics are required to build up the town, which is advancing rapidly.

We each and all believe that this colony was suggested by the angel world to benefit humanity. How and where could they better do it than by the concentration of the forces in a perfect climate, which is never disturbed by thunder or lightning? and we cordially invite all who desire to assist in this movement to come and join us.

William Bowley, Chairman; Henry B. Allen, Secretary; Mrs. O. K. Smith, J. W. T. Morris, A. H. Nichols, W. H. Meginness, Capt. J. W. Smith, E. J. Lesley, Jane Bowley, Allie M. Leslie, Robt. W. Roe, Carrie Van Horn, Mrs. Kate L. Allen, Mrs. Sarah Meginness, Rose M. Morgan, Mort Parsons, L. R. Prescott, Lucius Wright, Lucy A. Wright, S. J. Olds, Fred Olds, Frances Olds, Fred Wright, Charles Van Horn, Chas. O. Roe, W. F. Brown, Stella W. Brown, Martha A. Everhard, A. C. Doane.

Summerland, Cal., September 29, 1889.

ALL LADIES ARE INTERESTED.

The following letter shows very clearly how well satisfied those are who buy their silk dresses of O. S. Chaffee & Son, Mansfield Centre, Conn. Our readers will remember this firm manufacture silk and satin goods and sell direct from their great factory to buyers, saving all intermediate expenses:

Office of Biblical Recorder,
Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 17, 1888.

Messrs. O. S. Chaffee & Son—*Dear Sirs:* The package of silk for my wife came safely and soundly to hand to-day. She is delighted with it and pleased that you were so prompt and generous with her. I highly appreciate the compliment myself, and enclose check for the $25.50. With my best wishes,

C. T. Baily.

Send stamp with your name and addess to O. S. Chaffee & Son, Mansfield Centre, Conn. They will mail you samples of silk and full descriptive circulars.

Medium's Meeting.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Last Sunday, at 111 Larkin street, a large audience was in attendance to the Mediums' Meeting. There was great enthusiasm felt by all. G. F. Perkins read selections and stirred up the mellow side of our dispositions. Mrs. Perkins, Dr. Temple, Mrs. White, A. Freudeuthal, the boy medium, all gave under spirit control, soul stirring addresses. Some fifteen or more volunteers spoke, several of them testifying to the correctness of Mrs. Perkins' prophetic mediumship as experienced by themselves; and a devout church-member caused quite a ripple of amusement and interest also by saying that he belonged to the church and had always regarded Spiritualists as deluded or knaves, but he had seen and heard to-day that which had both confounded and interested him; if this was Spiritualism he wanted to know more of it.

The practicability of giving out notices of those out of employment, at our meetings, was spoken of by Mrs. Perkins. A case in point came under her own observation, Saturday, of a young man being out of work. She had given him what information she could. Unbeknown to her or the audience, the young man was present and arose to state that he was the man referred to, and had followed the spirit's directions and obtained work. Another gentleman stated a similar experience with Mrs. Perkins' guides.

There could not possibly be better feeling than at this spiritual gathering. It is to be hoped that the interest will increase and this earnest enthusiaam be caught up by all our meetings that the number may be increased.

Progressive Spiritualists.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The usual interesting conference and test meeting was held on Sunday at 2 P. M. The Hon. John A. Collins opened the meeting with valuable remarks of a reformatory nature. A lady from San Jose, whose name we did not learn, gave some of her experiences which made her a Spiritualist; other speakers followed with short addresses, after which Mrs. Eggert-Aitken gave some excellent tests from the platform. In the evening, Professor Dawbarn lectured to an appreciative audience, his subject being, "Reform and Reformers."

On next Sunday evening, after the lecture by Mr. Dawbarn, that gifted medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, will make her first public appearance since her return from the camp-meetings East, and give tests from your own spirit friends. Be on hand early to secure seats, as the hall will only seat about three hundred.

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Sec'y.

The Young People's Meeting.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Another very interesting meeting was held at 111 Larkin street last Sunday evening. G. F. Perkins read selections and gave a short address, also several character delineations, to those who gave the month and date of birth, all being acknowledged as very accurate. Mr. P. Gillett and G. F. Perkins sang "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall." Miss Aggie Miller sang "I Am Waiting for the Morning." Miss Purnell gave a recitation in a very pleasing manner. Little Cora White recited a charming little poem. Mrs. Rennell delivered an original poem. Mrs. Perkins gave a stirring address, also a large number of tests. Mrs. Jennie contributed to the supply of spirit communications. Augustus Freudenthal, the boy medium, while entranced, delivered a rousing speech, also gave tests. Aggie Miller, the girl medium, aided in the grand work. The Dohs family of mediums that were present in the afternoon were not with us in the evening, as was hoped.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The meeting of The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists was held last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, as usual, Dr. Macsorley presiding. There was a large number present both afternoon and evening. The afternoon program was varied with singing, remarks by friends, and a short speech by Mrs. Cowell. Afterwards, circles were formed and a number of tests given by Mrs. Finnigan and Mrs. Cowell.

The evening exercises were opened with singing; afterwards a poem was given by the President, and invocation by Mrs. Cowell. Mrs. Finnigan occupied the platform for the remainder of the evening in giving tests, a number of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening Dr. Temple, of San Francisco, will lecture and give tests. All friends invited. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Davis, Secretary.

Theosophy.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The various branches of the Theosophical Society of the Pacific Coast, will hold an *Ad Interim* Convention in this city, Saturday and Sunday, October 12th and 13th, at 106 McAllister street. The sessions of Sunday afternoon, 2 P. M., and Sunday evening, 7:30 P. M., will be open to the general public, and all are cordially invited to be present. On the afternoon a paper will be read by Theo. G. Ed. Wolleb, President of Golden Gate Lodge; subject, "The Tree of Evil." In the evening, short speeches will be made by Theosophists and delegates to the convention, remarks to bear upon the three objects of the Theosophical Society.

Allen Griffiths,
Secretary Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S.
San Francisco, Oct. 7, 1889.

The Cause in Topeka.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Mrs. F. A. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, closed a very successful engagement of a month with the Religio-Harmonial Society of this city last evening by voluntarily giving her services for an entertainment given for the purpose of raising money to furnish the new Hall of the Society. The hall is to be devoted to Spiritualism and will not be used for other purposes.

At the close of the meeting the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, Mrs. Brown has for the past month been lecturing, giving sittings and clairvoyant tests to the satisfaction of her hearers and those who have had sittings with her; therefore,

Resolved, That we commend Mrs. Brown to the Spiritualists of the country as a talented and spiritual woman and medium and one who has more phases of mediumship than is usually vouchsafed to one individual.

Mrs. Brown is accompanied by her husband, a very genial and proper gentleman.

F. P. Baker.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 1, 1889.

ANOTHER WORKER OF MIRACLES—A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

I am curing hundreds of peopl: that are left wrecks by these learned M. D.'s. I might say half of my patients, and I have some 2,000 names on my books. I say one-half of these tell the same story. Some say as many as ten doctors have treated them and not one of these know what ailed them, still they administered a remedy hoping it might hit the case, until the patient was a total wreck. Now, I take these cases and by the aid of clairvoyance, can see the exact condition of the system, and if they are not too badly poisoned by these "hit at the mark" remedies, I can cure them in from one to two months, and they think it nothing less than a miracle when it is simply knowing what to treat for. Now send me four two-cent stamps, age, sex and name, and I will tell you just what ails you, after which, send $2 and I will doctor you one month; if you should happen to need another treatment, I will send it for $1.

Try us, and see one of these miracles performed, or send for my testimonials, which will be sent free. Read this testimonial below, which shows what is being done. Address me, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Dr. J. S. Loucks.

Shetelrville, Ill., Sept. 6, 1889.

Dr. J. S. Loucks, Worcester, Mass. *Dear Doctor;* My daughter was sick three years with female derangements and other complicated diseases, and we employed during this time six different doctors, the best we could find, and they all gave up her case as hopeless and incurable; but after four months' treatment from you, she (our daughter), is now well and sound. You can know how very grateful we are for the cure of our child when all others had failed. We do recommend you to all.

We are ever yours thankfully,
John Routs.

NOTICE.

To the brother and sister Spiritualists who have been blessed with this world's goods, and have a desire to help disseminate the teachings of the angel world, I would call your attention to "Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World." In the publication of the book, a member of the "Sun Angel Order of Light" advanced the money for its publication. Since then he has met reverses in business that places him in an embarrassed condition, and he appeals to me to assist him to the money invested in the book; this I am unable to do. But to raise the amount, $2,850, I will assign one haf interest in the copyright of the book and the electrotype plates and stock on hand to one person or a committee, who shall have the sale and publication of the book under their management. The electrotype plates are insured for $879.45; books on hand, 1,460; price $2.50 at $2, $2,920; total, $3,799.45. The book will prove a grand success spiritually and financially, in due time.

Several friends have responded to the above notice, and solicit shares in "Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World." The stock will be divided into 100 shares of $30 each, and a joint stock company formed and certificates of shares issued to subscribers. It is desired to place the shares in the hands of members of the "Sun Angels' Order of Light."

J. B, Fayette, Pres.,
"Sun Angels' Order of Light."
Oswego, Sept. 1889. se7-tf

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNDAY at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

Council G. G. of the T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Black and White Occultism.

BY ALONZO.

A traveler riding along one day among the foothills of California, came to a fork in the road. Not knowing which road to take, he inquired of a rancher who just then was coming up: "Say, friend, which of these roads will I take to go to Slabtown?"

"Wa-a-ll, stranger," said the rancher, drawing himself up with insulting indifference, "you can take whichever road you d——n please."

"Well for heaven's sake!" said the traveler. "Can't you tell me which road goes to Slabtown, I am in a hurry to get there."

"Don't neither of them roads go to Slabtown nor nowhar else; they stay right whar they be. I've ben hyar nigh onto three years, an' them roads has stayed right thar all the time."

So the traveler had to take his choice and his chance of roads to find his way.

That rancher was a natural born and practical occultist, and the world is full of just such people. Black occultism is the science of concealment, of covering up the truth, of making darkness and leading into error, of fostering ignorance and creating crime and misery.

White occultism, or white magic, is the science of dissipating darkness, of making known truth and knowledge and wisdom, of clearing away the fogs of political and social and theological superstition which obscure the minds of this world's inhabitants, and cause ignorance, poverty, crime and disease.

Occult means hidden. Occultism means the study or knowledge of hidden things. The hidden and invisible, and to the ignorant, intangible things of this world, are the most important and most powerful for good or evil. We are all occultists in a certain sense, because we are always seeking somehow for some unknown wisdom or knowledge.

Some people study occultism for selfish ends, and use the wisdom or knowledge or power that they gain, to take advantage of their fellows, to keep them in ignorance, and thereby such become the servants of the powers of darkness, for ignorance of the occult laws and forces and relationships of life as the cause of all the suffering, misery, disease and death in the world.

True occultism is the study of these laws and forces for the sake of relieving the miseries of humanity, and bringing about a condition where there shall be no misery or want or disease. But when any person refuses to impart freely any knowledge whatever that he possesses, for the benefit of humanity, or endeavors to obstruct the diffusion of such knowledge, he invokes the powers of evil (or devil), applies its forces, and thereby becomes a worker of black occultism, and a servant of the evil spirits he invokes (as all such people are) who will hold him in servitude till he pays to the uttermost farthing, the penalty he draws upon himself.

Some people withhold knowledge and thus produce ignorance because they thereby reap a material benefit (the price for which they sell themselves). Some people do it for pure meanness and for the love of the thing, like the rancher I used as an illustration.

The truth and wisdom and knowledge which would emancipate mankind, which would banish from the earth poverty, slavery, sickness, vice and crime, is occult knowledge; it is hidden from human vision by dense clouds of ignorance and superstition, and by the laws, customs and habits which have been the accompaniment and outgrowth of immature conditions of human consciousness.

The truth which, if made known and lovingly realized and *practiced* would redeem humanity, is hidden from the masses of the people, and the powers that be are largely interested in keeping it so, because they FEAR. FEAR itself is a condition of ignorance, and a state of punishment. The man or woman who is truly free, *fears nothing whatever*, can't be afraid of anything on earth, or heaven or hell. Fear can have no power over anyone who is spiritually free, because if fear had any power over him he would not be free; he would be the servant of fear. Fear is the punishment of ignorance.

Now I say that the powers that be, the ruling classes of this world in church and state and society, dread the light and truth that would make humanity free; they fear it. They fear that they would lose their positions and their seats in high places where they sit enthroned over kingdoms of darkness, and fatten on the miseries of ignorant and wretched and dehumanized beings. The shadows of their own inhumanities darken the gloom around them; the skeletons of the victims of their greed clank their chains and wait to welcome them to the places they have prepared for themselves.

They fear, because they don't know the truth that would make themselves free as well as their victims. They don't know that the only way they ever can get free themselves and find the happiness they are blindly seeking now, is in the freedom and happiness of Humanity. They don't know that the only way they can ever escape the enemy that is silently and relentlessly following them, is to turn and face that enemy—in their own conscience. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him."

In the present anarchistic state of society in which it is necessary for every one to fight against every one else for a living, antagonism is the law instead of co-operation, and it becomes an object to create ignorance, and to mislead, in order to take advantage of ignorance and misdirection. The physician is interested in keeping up sickness so that he can make a living off it; the undertaker and tombstone agent are directly interested in funerals, and the hangman in executions. The police, the private detectives and criminal lawyers, are directly interested in the supply of crime. Fires are frequently started and robberies committed by those in want of employment as watchmen, or in other capacities. Landlords and money lenders are directly interested in keeping people poor so that they can collect interest and rent off them, and those who want their labor done cheaply and like to keep their employes in due subjection, are interested in having a vast army of idle and starving laborers ready to take the places of others, or to work for nothing.

The processes by which the earnings and fruits of productive labor get into the possession of those who never do any useful or productive labor are occult processes. And the closest guardianship is exercised over the press and pulpit of the country to keep them occult. I venture to say that no *leading* daily paper in the United States would publish this article.

Why would they not publish it? Why would they consign it to their waste baskets or have it taken away carefully and burned? Is it because the statements in it are true or because they are not true? If they are not true, they ought to be able to confute them, if they are true—ah! there is the rub—there is the sore spot. If they are true, what then? Here is where the occultism comes in. It is better to keep these things *dark*. Darkness is better than light on this subject for them—they think it is, because their consciences can't stand the light.

If it is true that the whole present system of society is founded on ignorance and oppression, on robbery, slavery and superstition; on disease and crime and hypocrisy, then light would dissolve the fabric and scare the bats and owls out of Babylon.

"Dissolve ye shades before that glance sublime."

If the miserable, fear-bound, hide-bound, money-bound, ignorant, thieving, slaving, grovelling wretches would only turn round in their dark holes and dens and look out of their selfishness and cease from their fears and prejudices, they would SEE. They would see for the first time in their existence, and the light would be a revelation to them. It would be a new birth, a new consciousness, a new life.

They would see the miserableness, the wretchedness, the bitterness, the meanness, the disgrace of their selfish, contracted existence. They would see that their righteousness is filthy rags, their pomp and pride but a ghastly mockery; their self-conceit a corrupting corpse; their Gods illusions, demons, phantoms from the shores of death.

When they will look out of the tomb of selfishness, and look upon the face of humanity, (the crucified God is but a symbol of a crucified humanity), then they will rise from the dead, and for the first time will breathe the aroma of grander life, and feel the pulses of a nobler and mightier ambition. Then they will enlist in the new crusade to conquer and redeem a world.

In a few years from now, it will be just as fashionable to work for the good of humanity, as it is now to work for self and against humanity. Think of the wonderful change that will be in the condition of society then.

Spiritual truth must have a material basis to work on and from, just as an electric or oxy-hydrogen light must have a matter point to radiate from. Spiritual good divorced from material good is no good at all. It is an illusion, a fraud, a hypocricy. That is what is the matter with theology, and has been all along; the churches have stuffed people with texts of scripture, dogmas, catchisms and tracts, while they were starving to death for justice and human kindness, and equal rights.

You cannot make people better spiritually without making them better materially and *physically*. Any one who pretends to do so is a charlatan. Spiritual truth must be *materialized*, made visible in the body and conduct of the individual, in the structure and constitution of society. A man who has to work continually for a mere existence, and does not get wages enough to provide clean and comfortable surroundings, can't be spiritual, he can't even be human. Spirituality and filth, and slavery, can't be yoked together.

If a poor man steals a loaf of bread for his family or himself, to satisfy natural hunger, he is sent to the chain-gang. If a millionaire, to satisfy unnatural greed, steals thirty or forty million dollars from society as a whole, by legalized taxation, producing thereby incalculable distress and suffering, he is sent to the United States Senate to make laws to regulate stealing in the interests of his kind. Is a system of society which produces millionairs and tramps, out of beings with equal natural rights, and who ought to have equal natural privileges—is such a system right or is it wrong? Is it spiritual, or is it brutal?

Is there anything wrong in asking questions about these things? Is there anything wrong in seeking a rational explanation of these things? If not, why is so much force brought to bear to suppress discussion and prevent the truth from being materialized?

I have frequently heard people say that they were "fired out" of the churches for asking questions the preachers could not answer. That is the way they do it, and if you ask the leaders of "society" questions they can't answer, you will be "fired out" of "society."

"Society" is built on the same basis that theology is; on the basis that the faithful followers must not ask any questions the bosses can't answer.

This is the province of black art, black occultism, or black magic, to suppress investigation; to make it a crime to try to find out anything; to keep the people in spiritual and mental and material slavery. Baal and Mammon are the black magicians, the demon wizards that throw their fatal spells over an infatuated and stupefied people. Baal is the spirit of sensualism; Mammon the spirit of materal wealth; they blind and fascinate and overmaster by their temptations and their great show of appearance of pride and power and authority. These are the demons who lead every true occultist to the pinnacle of their temples and show him a world in bondage to their magic sway. But the day of disillusion draws nigh.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Ho, for genuine happiness, here and hereafter!

The most interesting, and only direct route for true pleasure-seekers.

Its overwhelming advantage, "There is always room for one more!"

Bring your friends, and try and persuade your enemies.

Don't be caught napping, lest you lose beautiful prospects.

Look out for the quicksands of spiritual weakness and ignorance.

Every tourist must work his or her own passage.

Brotherly Love is the motor. Each must contribute their share.

Our motto—"In union there is strength."

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull *all together!*

Discard your cumbersome vices as rapidly as possible.

And behold, how our car rises and speeds ahead!

Glorious! What invigorating altitudes! What inspiring scenes, and hopeful, happy emotions!

Why, we are already away above the smoke and din of carnal conditions!

How happy we are; how tender and unselfish one toward the other, we are becoming.

Our fear, our thoughts, our emotions and aspirations, how changed, how refined and purified.

What means it? What the mysterious cause, and what, oh what will be the *ecstatic outcome* of this intensifying happiness?

Would you know, dear comrades? This is the delightful way of Spiritual Progression, with companions daily unfolding their attributes! While yet we are in the flesh, these heavenly realities might be ours, if only enough mortals would band together in harmonious purpose. By our own progression let us charm many souls who are stranded on the shoal of doubt and weakness, into this beautiful highway upon which we may sip many a foretaste of the approaching goal. Now "the outcome," dear ones, no mortal can depict. But, all the heart in its intensest longings, —all that the imagination in its wildest flights ever beheld, and all that the emotions in their deepest, most sacred shrines ever languished for, will be realized. They come!

Florence, six years old—"Mamma, do dogs get married?"

Mother—"No, my dear."

"Then what right has Hark to growl at Jennie when they are eating their breakfast?"

Ava very much dislikes thunder, which she calls "a large, big noise." One day, during a shower, she ran to grandma with—

"I don't like thunder, grandma; I don't liked it cooked nor any way."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Four Festivals of the Seasons.

BY CORA A. SYME.

[Given by spirits, and at their request written out, and offered to the world, through the mediumship of Cora A. Syme.]

We spirits take the liberty of suggesting to you mortals, the introduction and celebration on earth, of the "Four Festivals of the Seasons,—a beautiful series of festivities already observed, to a great extent, in the spirit world. We would recommend the commencing of this in the United States, although any other nations can follow who choose. The only condition being, that all must commence at the same time, though after that, each is at liberty to regulate the length of the observances to suit their own convenience. All the festivals should be made to commence on the 21st, instead of 20th or 22d of the month, for the sake of uniformity and simplicity. And also, it is recommended that the first and last days of the festivals should be more especially celebrated than the intermediate days.

We also suggest that in future, the vernal equinox occurring on the 21st of March should be made the beginning of the year, instead of mid-winter. Seeing that nature herself, begins the year at that time, in the northern latitudes at least, and she is certainly the highest authority we can obtain on this subject.

This spring celebration should be called the "Festival of Childhood," "Feast of Lilies," and consecrated to the commencement of life, as well as the beginning of the year. This celebration should continue ten days, to the 1st of April, including the celebration of that great event, the advent of Modern Spiritualism, on the 31st of March.

As often as convenient during this period, all kinds of joyous, innocent entertainments should be given all over the country, although they should be kept strictly within the limits of moderation, and no excess be allowed. For everything expressive of joy and hope and bright promise for the future would be in order during this joyous period. As also everything looking to the elevation of the race, through the propagation of a higher and nobler type of children would most properly belong to this occasion.

Second Jubilee—The Jubilee of the Summer Solstice, commencing on the 21st of June, might appropriately be called the "Festival of Adolescence, or Feast of Roses." And should be consecrated to youth and beauty, in all variety of forms, consistent with innocent and harmonious happiness, though no dissipation, or excess of any kind should be allowed to be committed. Of course this bright and joyous period should be crowned with blooming flowers, resound with inspiring music and enlivened with the gay and festive dance. In short, it should abound with everything innocent and delightful to the mind and heart of youthful manhood and maidenhood, but without excess of any kind.

This would also be a most appropriate time to study and apply the great magnetic laws, or laws of life, which determine the adaptation of character, indispensable to a happy matehood of the sexes. By indicating the suitableness of certain parties to each other, for securing the highest happiness and success to the wedded partners, and also for improving the human race, by introducing a nobler and more beautiful type of offspring.

This festival should extend to the 4th of July, thirteen days, and include the birthday celebration of the great American Republic, July Fourth.

The Third Festival—That of the Autumnal Equinox, should be called the "Festival of Maturity, or Feast of Harvest," from the ripening and gathering in of the harvest, and also as indicating the maturity of life, as well as the ripeness of the year. This occasion should be dedicated to whatever is ripe, rich, grand and noble. As the consideration of all memorable events, great discoveries, noble characters, progress in civilization, or the enlightenment and advancement of the race, in justice, liberty, equality and humanity; as all subjects looking to the regeneration and uplifting of mankind, would be strictly in order at this time.

This festival should extend twenty-two days, from 21st of September, the atumnal equinox, to October 12th, inclusive, the date of the discovery of America by Columbus; which historical event America should celebrate as reverently as the Fourth of July, the birthday of her independence, when we trust justice will be done, and the truth established by restoring the right name "Columbus," to the northern continent of America at least, instead of unjustly and incorrectly calling *both* the American continents by the same name, and that name the *wroug one!*

And the Fourth Festival, that of the Winter Solstice, should continue from the 21st of December to the 1st of January, inclusive (11 days); and include the present Christmas or, Christ Mass and New Year celebrations, and be dedicated to the end of human life, as well as of the year. This should be called the "Festival of Consummation," implying the completion, both of life and of the year, as also it should be called the "Fire Festival." Fire and life being light and heat combined, constituting the eternal Life of the Universe. This festival should be celebrated with everything spiritual and exalted, emblematic of the close of a noble and useful earth life, and the entrance of the spirit into the great and glorious spirit world beyond, which awaits all those who have made the best use of their powers, their capacities and their earthly opportunities, and *vice versa!*

I here asked the spirits how they would recommend us to dispose of our present Christmas festival. And they answered, "Retain the part that is true and unobjectionable, but change its name from 'Christ Mass,' which is an exclusively church ritual to that of the 'Festival of Winter,' or the 'Life and Fire Festival,' or 'Festival of Completion,' signifying the consummation of life and of the year, thus making the institution broad and humanitarian, and tending to bring mankind into close bonds of universal fraternity and sympathy, instead of remaining a narrow church institution as it now is."

And as I considered, if this change should be made, or something resembling it instituted, it would effect a great improvement in our present social arrangement; so I have carefully written it out, not only for the benefit of my own country, but also, as I hope, for that of the whole civilized world.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1889.

Extraordinary Historical Developments, or the Experiences of Henry The VIIIth in Spirit Life.

[National View.]

The following delivered in person before some of the members of the First Society of Spiritualists at 721 6th street Washington, D. C., and reported by a stenographer July 23rd, 1889.

Well, in order to be comprehended, I will have to begin a little previous to my departure, else you would not understand me. Now my friends, I will endeavor to be as brief as possible, and I hope there will be no questions asked, to make me rehearse these experiences, as it is quite as much as I can bear to recall that time and tell you of it, as I am an human being.

Most of you have read my history, some of you with more interest than others, but nearly all of you are sufficiently acquainted with my reign to comprehend the points upon which I will touch.

Well, I was married at the age of twelve. I knew nothing about it, cared nothing. I know historians disagree, but I know best. The reasons these disagreements are held, are; first, those only who could write my history were the Catholics on the one hand, and the nobles on the other. The nobles hated me because I would not let them oppress the peasants and the Catholics because I discountenanced the sale of indulgences and other bad practices. These were the influences to take down what they pleased. Much that they stated was true, much was false, but they did not state the real thing as it occurred.

Now in order to justify myself I will have to recapitulate. I was sent when five years of age to a Monastery to be educated as a Roman Catholic priest. My father never consulted me, in those days they did not think it necessary to consult their children, but disposed of them as though they were chattles.

Well, I was sent to the Monastery, and being the child of the crown, I was let into many things that were then called mysteries; I saw much that it would have been better for a child never to have seen.

My brother Arthur passed away with goitre in the neck and I was sent for to return, and I was married to Catherine of Aragon, my brother's widow, who was at that time thirty-nine and I twelve. She was never tired of telling me that my brother was her husband, her true lord, and I a bright fun loving boy, never tired of playing pranks on her which greatly shocked her dignity.

When I was eighteen my father passed over and I ascended the throne. My father had amassed great wealth, he left a larger treasury than any other monarch.

At length I met Anne Boleyn at a banquet given by Cardinal Wolsey. She was a lovely creature, and I had never loved anyone before. I had seen her casually of course as she was one of the maids of honor, but Catherine took care that I did not see much of any other ladies until that night. I had never conversed with Anne Boleyn. I was disguised as huntsman, and I lost my heart. Anne Boleyn wished to marry me and this sealed my dissatisfaction with my marriage with Catherine. I wrote to the Pope telling him of my trouble, and asked him in the name of God that he would help, that he would absolve me from such bonds. But he would not, but sent me the most lewd letter, in which he said such and such indulgences could purge away sins. The viper! I absolved myself not only from Catherine of Aragon, but from the Pope.

Anne Boleyn became my wife, and the heart that I gave her, was as true as any that ever beat in a human breast.

She was guilty of unfaithfulness, and at length from those who advised me Thos. Cromwell, Wolsey and others, I supected a great conspiracy against the crown. They told me that my Queen was having secret sessions. I refused to believe her untrue, and it was not until I found her in the act of administering poison to me, that I believed.

My friends, I spent one whole night on my knees entreating her to return to truth and right, she told me that she had never loved me, that she had married me for my crown, that she loved Sir Edwin Hubert. Having failed, I was compelled to pass sentence upon her. You know the rest.

With her, died out all that was good in Henry the Eighth; all that was true, all of God and man, all the rest was intrigue. Woman after woman sought my crown and had it. But do not cast a stone on my honor in that relation, I never did anything that was not perfectly lawful, I was married to all.

In 1547 I went out, closed my earth life. Bishop Cranmer had previously administered the last unction, not because I cared for it, but it was the custom of that time to have it done.

My children estranged from me and scattered, I passed from this life unloving and unloved, my daughter Elizabeth below in the drawing room was entertaining guests with Catherine Parr.

The first thing I remember after passing out, was finding myself surrounded by the thickest darkness. An aura! so dense, oh! the thick darkness which seemed like prison walls. I must make comparison. By my own reckless life, I had cast about me an aura so closed, that no human sound could penetrate.

I heard a voice say unto me, "If you will accede to certain conditions, that is to say, begin at the lowest round and ascend gradually, there will be succor for you even now."

Well, my friends, I was Henry the Eighth, and at that time I thought Henry the Eighth the largest thing on the earth. My reply was, "I am Henry the Eighth, un- less I can command, I will not obey." Oh! foolish, worse than foolish child! the aurai mmediately closed against me, and there was again one great awful silence. With chagrin which beggars description I found myself in silence again, with only the memories of my misdeeds for companions. Naught but myself, and that not for days, but for ever and ever it seemed to me. All alone I thought of my life and its awful consequences, over and over again; until I cried out with very wretchedness; it seemed there was no cessation, no possibility of cessation. Children, it seemed the impiritude of time had passed, until at last my will gave way, and I cried out, "Oh! my God, annihilate me." Immediately there was a gleam or blue light, and I knew at once that if I followed it, it would lead me somewhere, I thought in my ignorance to annihilation. I followed it, and found myself in a room and heard,

"There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven!
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me, nearer my God to thee
Nearer to thee,"

Sung by the sweetest voice that I had ever heard, and ever will hear, for to me there will never be another voice as sweet as that one.

I found myself in some place and in possession of something through which I could talk, but instead of being thankful, all my old arrogance came back to me and I began to abuse and behave myself outrageously. The same voice I had heard singing said to me, "I am not afraid of you, Henry the Eighth;" I said, "by my faith I will make you afraid," and was so violent that they put me out for very shame. Well, when I was in the darkness again, I wanted that voice, and as I have told you before, Dr. Benjamin Day guided me to the home of the child whom I now control. For three months she labored with me trying to bring me to a better state of mind. Her gentle patience was met with impetuous temper on my part, and once I hurled her across the room where she lay for a time stunned and senseless. I first became gentle to her when I learned that she was deprived of her physical sight. Then I asked her if she could trust me enough to give me her hand, and she said she would give me both hands, and (to use her expression) "trust me to the end of the chapter." We began from that time progressing together, she taught me history and I taught her rhetoric. How small I felt! how infinitely beneath the lowest! how ignorant! Every opportunity was given me to learn, and to work, and my medium then was Uriah Jones, who has since passed out. Then the child and I together worked in Baltimore for two years, and I vowed to place her where she would be happy. Such was the overwhelming prejudice at that time that I did not give my name, but called myself merely "Rex."

The sufferings of darkness seem very small compared with the suffering through which I have passed since. Every effort to do good is met with reminders of my mis-spent life, and the anguish of remorse is continually renewed as time goes on.

And such has been my experience, such will be, my dear friends, until I have paid the penalty to the utmost. I will not keep you longer, I am glad if one word of mine will help others, and now good night, pardon me if I will remain with you no longer.

PRACTICAL SERMONS.—A neat story is told of a Roman Catholic priest in Victoria, whose sermons are usually of a practical kind. On entering the pulpit on the Sabbath he took with him a walnut to illustrate the character of the various Christian churches. He told the people the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was the Wesleyan Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable, and worthless—that was the Presbyterian Church. He then said he would show the Holy Roman Apostolic Church. He cracked the nut for the kernel, and—found it rotten! Then his reverence coughed violently and pronounced the benediction.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Song to My Love.

BY JULIA F. CHURCHILL.

A sweet little lover have I, have I;
He's constant and tender though sometimes shy,
But never unkind and never untrue;
I'd ask for no other, would you, would you?

A dear, precious lover, my heart has found,
I know that he loves me with love profound,
For he's faithful and trusting, joyous and free,
And no other sweetheart can lure him from me.

A blithe little lover have I, so gay,
He sings to me often the live long day;
Coining his notes from carols of love,
Learned from the soul of the woodland dove.

I look in th' eyes of this lover of mine,
Striving to pierce the dim vistas of time
Which have passed since his spirit incarnate became
An outward expression of Deity's name;

Through those wills of the soul which rare glimpses reveal,
Of unconscious power, born of infinite weal,
I read of one fountain of Infinite Love,
Which gives through expression all life from above.

The innocent wonder revealed in those eyes
Is like the pure deeps of the unclouded skies,
For not yet hath experience taught him to know,
That love is the source from which all good must flow.

Not yet hath the deific spark in his soul
Revealed to his spirit the perfected goal,
Awaiting his advent, when cycles of time
Shall herald his birth to a life ALL divine.

Not yet, for my love is untaught and unlearned,
In aught save th' lore which man's pride hath oft spurned,
But alas! man must learn like my love to adore,
E'er his spirit can compass life's Infinite shore.

In learning this lesson, oft times o'er and o'er,
His soul becomes like unto God—more and more,—
Till God's divine image shall reflected be
Through each human face in a perfect degree.

For Love is the mystical all potent key,
Which unlocks to each soul through its true entity,
Every gift of the gods and new impetus gives
To every incarnate ideal that lives.

The lesson my lover is learning through me
May be a long flight toward his soul's destiny,
And in far distant æons his songs may be heard
By God's Angels of Light, though MY LOVE IS A BIRD!

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

If hard and bitter be the world to thee,
And thou art weary of its heavy blows;
If for the reason why thou ponder long,
Then learn, 'tis God himself alone who knows
If heavy be the cross thou bearest on the way
And thou can'st only wail and weep,
Remember how he promised long ago,
For so 'tis writ, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Hath death been cruel often times to thee
And hid beneath the grass and Summer rains
Faces so fair and sweet, to thee so dear
That thy crushed heart will never cease to pain,
Whose tender words are clinging memories past,
This know, that God hath given his angels charge to keep
Their blessed steps along the shining way,
And well to watch their silent, dreamless sleep.

Death is the warden at the golden gate,
Closing in peace the well beloved eyes,
And onward passing them in vision fair to see
Beyond life's weary cares and tearful cries.
Then why should we in useless sorrow moan,
Clasping vain hands in bitter anguish weep
Because our friends have passed within the vail
And found the promised rest of peaceful sleep.

Who are these beloved of our absent, Lord,
Claiming the promise of that sacred rest,
But those who watch and wait beside old Zion here
With longing eyes are waiting to be blest.
Then, courage pilgrims, on the great highway
And all God's precepts old divinely keep
Unwearied, toiling till the time shall come
To enter his beloved's tireless sleep.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Christ Within.

Are you kind, pure and loving?
Then Christ is within;
And with Him for a guest
There is no room for sin.

Do you pity the poor,
Do you help all you can?
Then Christ and His kingdom
Have conquered the man.

In your heart is there room
For the weak and oppressed?
Then your spirit shall grow
And your soul be at rest.

Christ is love, He is truth,
He is mercy and life;
And his pure, loving spirit
Conquered envy and strife.

To have Christ then within
Our life must be pure
And full of those virtues
That uplift and endure.

NADIE.

God Knoweth Best.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And, if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
O, do not blame his loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends;
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

—"Saturday Globe."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Looking Backward."

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

This gem will take its place with the permanent imaginative literature of the English language. While Homer, Shakspeare, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last, it will be read with pleasure. It is a little labored and awkward in getting the hero of the story into the standpoint of the twentieth century, but that is the case with all similar literature, notably with Bulwer Lytton's "Vril,"—probably it is a necessity of the plot. It will be a thought stimulator to thousands who would not go to dull works of political economy. Some who must have their pills sugar coated, will, half unconsciously, accept some of the truths it contains. Some who are on the present treadmill of business, may see some hope of an amelioration of their condition.

Whether money, as counters, will be dispensed with in the future, the deepest can but realize that great practical economical changes are inevitable in the golden age of the future.

"When the war drums cease to throb, and the battle flags are furled," a great army of non-producers will be liberated from their useless occupation, and help to lighten the burden of the over-tasked producers. Many who have thought profondly on these subjects will be thrilled with delight on seeing their thoughts put into such attractive language as to be read by multitudes who would not think for themselves. How long before prophecy will lead into history, is a matter in which prophets as well as others, are often mistaken. When, in the natural course of evolution, the time for a great change comes, it takes place with startling rapidity; but the time of the preparation is often slow and wearying to the quickened prophetic vision. As individuals, we cannot hurry nature's processes much, and to bring on the crises of a great change prematurely, would be disastrous, like any premature birth. In the meantime, we can only do the best our circumstances will allow, and try to protect ourselves from the evils of the present, and hope for something better in the future.

Before any great change can take place in the economical production and distribution of the means of existence and enjoyment, there must be a mental preparation on the part of the rich, the poor, and the well-to-do alike. Without such preparation, what might be a blessing would probably be a curse. Suppose we take a pessimistic view of the outcome of the unhappy struggles between labor and capital. Suppose things go from bad to worse, owing to the rapid increase of population, and the greater pressure of population on the means of subsistence. Suppose the army of industry becomes better organized, more conscious of its strength, and being goaded to madness, wages a warfare of destruction against accumulated wealth. Suppose our railroads, our factories and large buildings in our cities, are destroyed—one of two conditions would follow. The means of maintaining our civilization being destroyed, we would be thrown back into a condition of barbarism slowly to work our way up by the same means by which we have reached our present status, as the people would not be fitted for any other order of industrial development. Or, a strong military organization, under the pressure of self-protection, would be established, and some unknown Grant or Cromwell would arise to lead it to victory, through blood and slaughter; the working men would then have not only to support the insane, the criminal and the pauper, but every worker would have to support a soldier. This last state would be worse than the first.

I called upon a friend in time of sickness, who had spent much of the effort of his life to work out in detail the plan of general co-operative industry. He read page after page of this "plan of salvation," but finally paused and asked me what I thought of it. I said, There is one fatal defect. Said he, "Why, what is that?" Said I, "The people will not take hold and work it out." I regretted saying it, for it seemed to hurt him as if he had been shot.

At another time, discussing with another friend the danger of young men becoming hoodlums, and of girls going wrong, he said, "it was unnecessary; all that was needed, was proper training when young." Yes, said I, but who will you get to train them? He made no answer.

Here, then, is the real problem. to train the young so that they would be industrious, moral, and put forth their best exertions without any pressure of necessity, from an aspiration to gain the respect of society, and conform self-interest to the welfare of the commonwealth. To develop the mass of mankind up to this high standard from the present condition of the world, is a difficult problem to solve, and does not seem possible, except by the slow process of evolution, where a little substantial gain is made in each generation.

A DISINTEGRATING COMET.—Professor Edward S. Holden, director of the Lick Observatory at San Francisco, furnishes interesting facts in regard to the comet discovered by Barnard last September. He says the comet has now lost all of its tail, and continued: "The comet was subject to much strain and stress in passing that part of its orbit nearest the sun, and it is now showing the effect of these forces in the following way: Its body is evidently becoming disintegrated and fragments are seen to be streaming behind the comet in the form of a tail, directed not from but toward the sun. This mass of matter was measured by Barnard on July 16th, and his measures show that its least possible length is 430,000 miles, and its least possible diameter 144,000 miles, so that fragments which have already broken off from this comet amount to at least seventy quadrillion cubic miles. The comet itself is still fairly bright, and were it not for the fragments which are seen to follow it, would seem to be in perfectly normal condition. As it is, we know it must have lost an immense quantity of original substance. This is an interesting case to astronomers, as it shows the effect of the enormous forces to which every comet is subject at the time of its perehelion passage, while the phenomenon forms an interesting commentary on the text that comets, even the stoutest of them, must be short lived things."—*Washington Star.*

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Harris, I read the GOLDEN GATE. Am interested in the Question Department, in fact I am not adverse to Theosophy, but there is one thought in connection with the subject which troubles me; it seems to me that "Nirvana" means loss of individual consciousness. Do Theosophists so consider it? STRANGER.

It is quite true that certain orientalists have so interpreted this word, thus proving that they failed to get at its true spiritual meaning. Theosophists do not so understand the term. One knows Nirvana when between the human and the truly divine in his nature there has come perfect harmony, oneness. When the sense of separation which shuts the human consciousness off from the unit of consciousness is known to be an illusion, and done away with, then there is the union of the lower self with the higher self which is universal. But he who has thus individualized passes into that state self conscious, in fact becomes a conscious factor, where before he was unconscious. If one could imagine that the soul goes through with ages of development simply to lose itself as the drop may be lost in the ocean, then, indeed, he may well look upon Nirvana as a state not to be desired, but if he understand that it is really the finding of the true self to which all illusion is a thing of the past, then the real purpose of life is revealed, and man stands consciously one with the *all.*

The following list of questions furnish material for a very long article; but we may be excused for making the answers brief, trusting the questioner will call us out again if we are not clear. "The seven principles of man can hardly be likened to an onion with its separate layers," for the reason that the principles interblend, the lower dependent on the higher for their very existence, while the higher must have the lower in order to find expression on this material plan. When the soul passes into a state interior to this, no longer requiring the material form through which it is related to this objective plane, it finds itself naturally provided with such a form as will relate the consciousness to the change of environment. The most individualized soul is the one which finds the most perfect adaptation between states of consciousness and surroundings.

If "to think and to consciously exist are one and the same," then it follows that what we *feel and think,* at any one moment is our consciousness for that moment, that it may change constantly, and we still know ourselves to be the same. I, or Ego, is due to the fact that the moments as they pass with their fleeting, changing states are retained in their results but not in their details. We are the result of all our past, in that result we actually have the memory of all that we have been, and may reconstruct our past even to much of the detail. We have it in cipher only so we learn to read cipher, this may not be memory as we understand the word, but it is that which outlives the present; and becomes the warp and woof of soul existence. It is this which we have become which finds re-birth, and which is attracted through the necessary law of sympathy to such conditions as will enable the I, or Ego, to express its own tendencies.

While we are not justified in saying that Absolute Being finds expression for the purpose of becoming self-conscious, since of the absolute we may know nothing save in the expression, still we may, in the lesser state of consciousness, glimpse the greater, and feel that the purpose of human existence is symboled in the growing self-consciousness of the divine in man, and its union with the Human Principle.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, Cal.

HAVE YOU A MOTHER.—Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if, in her declining years, you failed reciprocate her love and honor her as your best tried friend? We have no respect for a man or a woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.

Offended vanity is the greaat seprator in social life.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."